

MILLIKEN FREED BY A JURY'S VERDICT.

Declared Innocent of the
Grave Crime Charged in
the Indictment.

After Twenty-four Hours' Deliberation It Was Found That
No Decision Had Been
Reached.

But a Subsequent Conference Quickly
Changed the Views of the
Minority.

RESULT RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM.

A Great Throng Congratulated the Prisoner—He Will Resume His
Former Official Position.

Washington, March 21.—"Thank God! I was certain that the jury would bring in a verdict of 'Not guilty,' and their action removes a great load from my mind."

These were the words used by Benjamin H. Milliken, just as the bells of the city were booming the hour of noon today, when, by the verdict of twelve men, he had been exonerated of an attempted assault upon the daughter of ex-Solicitor of the Treasury Samuel T. Phillips.

The trial opened the court this morning with his usual "Oyez!" and there was one man sitting in the room who did not know whether or not he would have a chance to hear that cry again for twenty-five years. That man was Benjamin H. Milliken, and while he was composed, his face had a hard, drawn expression, showing the result of three sleepless nights and the suspense under which he had been laboring.

Quite a large crowd had assembled, as many persons thought that the jury would return its verdict immediately upon the convening of court. Judge Cole instructed a messenger to inform the foreman of the jury that court was open, and that he was ready to hear from them if they had reached a verdict. Word was brought back that no decision had been reached.

The court room was well filled with friends of the defendant, and many members of the Bar who had followed the progress of the trial with deep interest were present. All sat through the trial of a minor case, patiently waiting for the long-expected verdict.

Mr. Milliken spent the morning in an adjoining witness room, reading the papers and discussing the situation with his brother, Judge W. A. Milliken, and Mr. Anthony, one of his counsel. He expressed no alarm at the long delay of the jury in coming to a verdict, and said that he was of the opinion that it would result in an acquittal or a hung jury. He expressed the hope that a verdict of some kind would be brought in.

HAD NOT AGREED.

At 11:40 o'clock, just twenty-four hours after they had gone out, Judge Cole sent for the jury to come into court.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, as they lined up in front of him, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have not," replied the foreman.

"I do not wish to inquire as to your relative positions on this matter, but I would like to know if there is any likelihood of your agreeing."

"I do not think there is," was the reply. Judge Cole then told them that he thought it very desirable that a verdict be reached, as it was both expensive to the defendant and to the Government to have to try the case again. It was simply a question of facts and he did not think there should be much difficulty in reaching an agreement. Continuing, he said that he had never dismissed but one jury without a verdict, and that he believed if they would go back and try again, better success would attend their efforts. He did not, however, wish any of them to disregard their scruples in order to arrive at a decision.

The jury was then sent back to the jury room. During the time they were out, Judge Cole received a message from the wife of one of the jurors informing him that she was very ill, and that the husband's presence was needed at her bedside. The judge was just about to send for the jury and dismiss it, when word came down that they had agreed upon a verdict. The first intimation that a verdict was reached was by a muffled shout, in the direction of the jury room.

The news quickly spread throughout the City Hall, and soon an immense crowd had gathered noiselessly into the courtroom. A breathless silence fell over the spectators as Milliken entered, and took his seat by the side of his counsel, Mr. Anthony. His brother was sitting just behind him. The District Attorney followed close behind Anthony. In response to the usual question as to whether or not they had agreed upon a verdict, the foreman shouted:

"We have!"

"What say you, is the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," answered the foreman in even louder tone than he had previously used.

CONGRATULATED BY FRIENDS.

Milliken sat perfectly still and seemed unmoved, except for a smile that flitted across his face, which was very much flushed. His brother put his arm affectionately around his neck and shook him warmly by the hand. A crowd of his friends also rushed up and congratulated him. Tears began to well up in Judge Milliken's eyes, and he walked hurriedly out of the court room.

The crowd in the court room applauded the jury for its verdict, and both the judge and several halliffs rapped the desk until the hall of justice resounded very much like the House of Representatives during a stormy debate, with Speaker Reed and his gavel trying to maintain order.

Judge Cole threatened to send the offenders to jail for contempt and referred to the hand clapping as a disgrace. When he had finished his lecture to the spectators upon



LADY CLYDE, A ST. BERNARD, AND THE FIVE LEOPARD PUPS OF WHICH SHE IS THE FOSTER MOTHER.

They are the offspring of Flora and Gaylord, Indian leopards belonging to Donald Burns. The mother doesn't care for her babies, and they have been put to raise at the Rivermount Kennel with Lady Clyde, who is of aristocratic lineage. The little things were packed together with cotton in a paper box and carried out to the kennel. Each of the kittens weighed four pounds. In four or five weeks they will be fed on condensed milk until they are able to take solid food, which will be in about four months.

the etiquette of the court room, Mr. Anthony asked permission to express his client's gratitude to the jury.

"That is not necessary nor seemly, Mr. Anthony," replied the Court. "They have done nothing more than their duty, and no man needs to be thanked for doing his duty."

"Your Honor, then I ask for the discharge of my client."

"Certainly," answered the Court, and the acquitted man retired from the court into the witness room, in which he had spent the morning, and there received the congratulations of his friends. Mr. Milliken said that he would remain in the city and resume his position as secretary of the Ford's Theatre Disaster Commission. After he and some friends had luncheon they repaired to the office of the Attorney-General for the Post Office Department, adj. joining that of Judge Milliken. The party sat there for an hour or more discussing the exciting events of the past few days.

REGARDED AS JUST.

The verdict is generally regarded about the city to be a most proper one. As announced in the Journal this morning, the jury on the first ballot yesterday stood 9 to 3 in favor of acquittal, and, despite the efforts made to bring the three around, the men composing the minority held out until the jury was sent for to-day by Judge Cole.

"And," remarked one of the dissenting jurors, "we would be here yet if it had not been for what Judge Cole told us when he brought us into court this morning. But when I heard what he had to say about trying to agree if we possibly could, I felt that I might conscientiously agree with the majority, and as the two with me thought the same way, we agreed on a verdict of 'not guilty' in a minute or two after reaching our room."

Another of the jurors, when asked whether the chloroform theory had been seriously considered, answered "No." McKenny was the only witness who stuck to that theory, and his actions in leaving the witness stand and going to a seat immediately behind the District Attorney, and prompting him, did not do the case much good for the Government.

None of the Phillips family was in the court room to-day.

TOWER GAINS TWO POUNDS

The Doctor Suffers No Ill-Effects from His
Long Confinement in the
Colormeter.

Middletown, Conn., March 21.—Dr. O. P. Tower was released from the colormeter at Wesleyan University about 11 this morning, having been not quite six days in close confinement in the interests of science. He was in the best of health, a little pale, but otherwise in most excellent physical condition. He said he never felt better.

On being weighed it was found that he had actually gained two pounds. This was somewhat of a surprise, as it was generally believed that the weight of body would be about normal. Dr. Tower was warmly congratulated on his condition by Professor E. B. Ross, who had had perfect on the colormeter, and by Professor Atwater, who had so carefully looked after the chemical part of the investigation.

This afternoon Dr. Tower went out for a ride and later enjoyed a walk. He seemed as strong and vigorous as if he had not spent six days in a hermetically sealed box.

The results of this experiment, aside from the fact that there had been a gain in flesh, have not been and are not to be given out, so Professor Atwater states. They have been carefully preserved and when all tests, of which this is only one, are made they will be tabulated and published. Professor Atwater says the credit of perfecting the colormeter belongs to Professor Ross, who has had entire charge of the mechanical, physical and electrical work. To his skill in perfecting the details belongs in a great measure the success of the experiment.

Professor Atwater was busy in his laboratory this afternoon getting ready for another test. A. W. Smith, who has volunteered for this trial, will have different food somewhat from that furnished Dr. Tower, but declines to state what the bill of fare will be. He will spend a week and possibly longer, in the cage, and has mapped out some work which he proposes to do. Smith graduated in the Wesleyan class of '91, and he, with Dr. Tower, is an assistant to Professor Atwater in the researches he is conducting for the United States Government.

Killed at Union Hill.

Frederick Williams, thirty-nine years old, of No. 11 Hixson Row, Mackinac Street, West New York, N. J., was ground to death last night under the wheels of a trailer attached to motor No. 24, of the North Hudson County Railway. The accident occurred shortly after 7 p. m., at Bergenline avenue and Lewis street, Union Hill.

THREE ANGRY CATS IN FIGHTING MOOD.

A Woman in Brooklyn Bitten by
the Feline Vagabond She
Had Assisted.

Nurses and Children in Gramercy
Park Chased by Another
Vicious Brute.

THE BIG MAD CAT OF DUFFY'S HILL.

He Jumped on a Little Boy and Even Assaulted a Policeman—Both of the
New York Animals—Both of the
Roosevelt's Men.

Three mad cats—one in Brooklyn, another in Gramercy Park, and the third in Harlem—made it interesting and exciting in their various neighborhoods the last day or two. The Brooklyn cat was the most savage and did the most damage. And to make matters worse, he was a tramp, but haunted the back yard of No. 700 Union street, one of a row of apartment houses.

He was distinguished, not for his good looks or his ability as a fighter, but because he had two ears on the right side of his head. This peculiarity caused him to be known in the neighborhood as the "cat with a second story ear."

Mrs. John F. Bruns, wife of the janitor of the apartment houses, who lives in the basement of No. 700, is fond of cats and has two of her own. This disreputable tramp spent most of his time in Mrs. Bruns's back yard. She pitied the fellow, gave him food and occasionally petted him. Last Sunday somebody gave Mrs. Bruns a lot of catnip, and as she carried a bunch of it out into the back yard all the cats, including the tramp, followed her. Thomas parroted freely of the anomalous herb.

AN UNGRATEFUL ASSAULT.

Thomas went to the house after his feast, and Mrs. Bruns was petting him when the animal laid back all three of his ears, gave a quick spring and with a savage snarl fastened his teeth in her bare arm about four inches below the elbow. The woman screamed, but with the other hand beat the animal off, and he ran and jumped over the fence.

The wounds made by the cat's four teeth were deep, and they bled profusely. Dr. F. M. Sharpe, of Hanson place, was summoned and cauterized the wounds. Nevertheless Mrs. Bruns's arm swelled to twice its normal size and she suffered great agony. Dr. Sharpe said the cat was not afflicted with rabies, but was naturally vicious and had been affected by the catnip.

The second mad cat was evidently an aristocrat gone wrong. He was gray, apparently well fed, and probably belonged to one of the Gramercy Park families. Shortly after noon yesterday he ran, snarling and snapping, through a group of children and nurses who were sunning themselves in the park. The screams of the nurses and children attracted the attention of Patrolman Maurice W. Corr, who was attached to the Eighteenth Precinct Police Station, in East Twenty-second street.

CAUGHT ON THE WINDOW SILL.

The value of the revolver practice for policemen was shown by what followed. When Corr reached the park the cat was making wildly around, and finally ran up the steps of the residence of ex-Mayor Harrison, No. 4 Gramercy Park, and attempted to leap into an open window from which some ladies were watching the excitement in the park. The ladies slammed down the window, and, as it opened, the window came down upon the cat and held it fast, half in and half out.

Officer Corr, who had watched the movements of the cat, came up and told the ladies to raise the window and at the same time shove the cat out with a broom. They did so, and as the animal fell into the area Corr fired his revolver, the bullet piercing the cat's shoulder. He fired two more shots, both of which went through the animal's head and killed it.

CAT ON DUFFY'S HILL.

A big black and white cat roamed about the neighborhood of One Hundred and Second street and Lexington avenue, known as Duffy's Hill, for a month. Nobody claimed it and the boys tormented it and tried to kill it. They threw it in front of a Lexington avenue cable car on Duffy's Hill several times, and, though the cat escaped,

once it left two or three inches of tail behind.

The vagabond cat subsisted chiefly on free lunch from the saloons in the vicinity. It wandered into the saloon on the southeast corner of One Hundred and Second street and Fourth avenue, yesterday afternoon, and tried to slich a pig's foot from the counter. The bartender chased the cat out of the side door, and when the cat reached the street its tail was standing up, its back bowed, its hair bristled, and froth was coming from its mouth.

Near the side door of the saloon Robert Martin, eight years old, of No. 107 East One Hundred and Second street, with a crowd of boys and girls, was standing at the head of a pair of cellar steps. The cat dashed at him, and as the boy attempted to jump to one side he fell. The mad animal leaped on him and sank its teeth into the calf of his right leg. The little fellow tried to kick the cat off with his free foot, but the brute held on, and the boy got up and started to walk with the cat's teeth still fastened in his leg. One of the boys in the crowd, who had armed himself with a club, ran up and rapped the cat across the back. It let go and shot around the corner eastward through One Hundred and Second street.

JUMPED ON THE POLICEMAN.

By this time the cry of "Mad cat! Mad cat!" had filled the block with women and children. When they saw the animal coming toward them they ran shrieking into the hallways and cellars. The scare brought Police Officer Henry Itzoff, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, to the scene, and with drawn pistol he followed the cat. There were so many children in the street that he was afraid to fire. At the corner of Lexington avenue and One Hundred and Second street the cat darted into a cellar. The policeman followed. It was dark in the cellar, but the policeman had no trouble in locating the cat. Its eyes shone like balls of fire and it hissed viciously.

Pelff aimed at the luminous eyes, but the bullet did not take effect. The cat sprang at the officer and alighted on his shoulder. The policeman knocked it off with his revolver. Then he struck a match and found a gas jet. The cat covered in a corner, saw thoroughly mad. The policeman took good aim and fired. The cat leaped upward and fell back dead. The policeman fired one more bullet into the body to make sure.

In the meantime Mrs. Martin, the injured boy's mother, had helped him into the house and bound up his badly lacerated leg. She took the little fellow to the Pasteur Institute.

KILLED WIFE AND MOTHER.

John Helzinger's Fearful Double Crime
Caused by a Coming
Divorce Suit.

Milwaukee, March 21.—Mrs. John Helzinger and her mother, Mrs. Kate Miller, were shot and instantly killed last night by John Helzinger, who became angered at his wife because she had commenced action for divorce, alleging cruelty as the cause. After the double murder had been committed Helzinger threatened a number of men who attempted to arrest him, but was finally arrested.

Mr. and Mrs. Helzinger separated two months ago. The hearing of the divorce suit was to take place next week.

CONFESSES TO A MURDER.

A Witness Allows That He Swore Falsely
Against a Man Charged with Homicide.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 21.—Frank Schaffer, a young negro on whose confession Nelse Miller was found guilty in the first degree of killing eight Hungarians in October, 1894, made a further confession to-day, in which he states that Miller is innocent.

The murder occurred on a Sunday morning on the mountain near here. Dynamite was exploded under a boarding house in which there were sixty Hungarians. Eight of them were killed and many injured.

Some time afterward Schaffer was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the crime, and he confessed that Nelse and Jim Miller and their wives, John Bird and another man and himself had committed the deed for the booty they could get. They managed to get \$100, which they divided. On this confession Nelse Miller was found guilty in the first degree. The others are still awaiting trial.

Nelse Miller was to have been sentenced last Monday.

Schafer, in his sworn confession, states that when first arrested he was drunk and did not know what he was saying. When he wanted to retract what he had said the detectives threatened to hang him. Later they provided him with clothes and money and told him they would get him out of jail if he would repeat his story on the witness stand.

He further said that he had some trouble with Nelse Miller and wanted to get even with him. Miller's attorneys were applying for a new trial.

CUBANS REGAIN CAPTURED ARMS.

The Mallory's Cargo Taken from
the Spaniards by General
Collazo's Men.

Captain John D. Hart Has Received
Important Intelligence from
the Insurgents.

NO FEAR OF A SPANISH REWARD.

Has Not Hidden Himself from View,
Although Some Crank May Be Tempted
to Attack Him by the Alleged
Offer for His Head.

John D. Hart, the Philadelphia shipowner, who is a central figure among Cuban sympathizers and aides, was in this city yesterday, prepared to face examination before Commissioner Shields on his indictment in connection with the Bermuda seizure. The hearing, however, was postponed.

His appearance at this time is of more than ordinary interest, because it is reported that the Spanish Consul has been authorized to offer \$10,000 reward for his head. Hart has come out into the open to show that he does not credit the rumor, and for the further reason that he is now urging upon the friends of the Cubans a plan of his own for forwarding ammunition and supplies to the insurgents without any appearance of secrecy.

Hart has recently received through private sources some most important news from Cuba. He has full information accounting for the capture of small boats and ammunition on the beach. Hart has dispatches, too, stating that the Cubans have recaptured all the cartridges and arms taken to the island on the schooner Mallory.

Hart is large, tall and dark. His cheeks are plump and his black mustache is heavy in proportion.

DOES NOT BELIEVE THE REPORT.

"I do not believe the Spanish Consul has offered a reward for my capture, dead or alive," said Hart, yesterday. "I do not think the Consul is fool enough to do anything of that sort."

"Such reports printed in the newspapers do me no good, though. I suppose there are crazy cranks enough to run up and stab me for no reward at all. I am not hidden, and intend to be very much in evidence. It is my business where I go and what name I use. What with rewards for my capture, revenue officers and Pinkertons on the watch, not to speak of Spanish spies, and plenty of work to do in my own business, I am kept busy enough."

"Were those Spanish spies who followed the Bermuda out to sea?" was asked.

"I thought the detectives were in the tug Storm King that night," answered Captain Hart, "but I have just learned that the Journal had that tug. I blamed the owner of the Storm King, for I had asked for a boat myself and did not get it in time. I accused him—justly, as I now find—of putting himself out to aid the Spaniards and doing all he could to hurt the Cubans. I am surprised to learn the detectives were on the tug R. J. Moran, for she was not fast enough to do anything. I do not wonder she was lost in the snow-storm."

VAGUE ABOUT GARCIA.

"What is there in the story that General Garcia was on the Bermuda?"

This question Captain Hart was careful not to answer directly. "If the General was on board," he said, "he was on the steamer when she left her dock." Garcia is under bonds to appear in the Federal Circuit Court for the Bermuda affair. Attorney William M. Davis went to the Federal building yesterday and secured a list of the panel of jurors in the criminal branch of the United States Circuit Court. This was taken as an indication that Garcia will appear on Monday.

Captain Hart was asked concerning the news he had received about the schooner Mallory and the Three Friends. He laughed as he answered:

"The papers do not seem to have heard that the Cubans have recovered all that ammunition. The Three Friends carried General Collazo and the other passengers, and the Mallory had the ammunition. The Three Friends got out all right when the gunboat hovered in sight. She was light and could get away. The Mallory was overhauled. As I have the story, the ammunition was taken to a town near the coast. GOT THE SPANIARDS' ARMS."

"The General and his men were joined by

a force of Cubans, and immediately entered the town. They succeeded in frightening off the Spaniards, and got not only the 150 cases of ammunition that had been seized, but also the powder, rifles, cartridges and all other weapons that the detachment of the Spanish army had for its own use. The ammunition was landed about ten miles from the town.

"I know of the expedition of the Horsa to my sorrow," continued Captain Hart. "The captain was blown off his reckoning and turned over the ammunition to small boats—not three miles from shore, as has been stated, but nearly thirty miles. The rowboats went so far out that it is not strange some of them were captured. Some of this ammunition is still held by the Spaniards. We have not heard from the Bermuda. I do not believe she has landed in Cuba yet; she has not had time to do it."

Captain Hart spoke of the loss of the steamer Havkings. He said he had nothing at all to do with that unfortunate expedition—if he had had he would not have sent out such an uncertain and leaky vessel on such a voyage.

"There was nothing secret about the last sailing of the Bermuda and there was really no necessity for secrecy," continued Captain Hart.

"The rifles that went into that steamer were marked plainly with big placards 'Rifles,' and the cartridges were marked 'Cartridges,' the guns were marked 'Field Cannon,' and so with everything that was put on board."

ALL RULES COMPLIED WITH.

"The steamer complied with every rule of the New York Custom House. There was not an article in her cargo not listed in her manifest, and the cargo cost \$200,000. As I have been told by the man who paid for it, 'There was not a passenger aboard was not down on the list. Her destination was 'Yera Cruz, or orders,' and that gave her the privilege of going where she pleased."

"That is nothing new to this Custom House. Scheppe, the 'Coconut King,' has been sending out vessels that way for years. They sail with their destination stated 'For Carthagena, Greytown, Nicaragua or market,' and they go wherever owner or captain desires."

Chief Engineer Nielsen, of the Bermuda, is at the Stevens House, where he has been for some days. His bills have been paid by Hart. Yesterday the ship owner said he intended to turn over Nielsen to the government officers to let them pay his board, if they cared to, and were still of the opinion that there was anything in the charge that Nielsen had violated the neutrality laws.

ROCHE'S IRISH CAMPAIGN.

As Frank Work's Son-in-Law He Will Get
No Backing Here in His Par-
liamentary Race.

No surprise is expressed among clubmen over a recent cablegram published in a New York newspaper, outlining the intention of James Burke-Roche to be the Home Rule candidate for Parliament from Killarney, in East Kerry. James Burke-Roche is thoroughly understood in New York—in fact, has been ever since he married Fanny, daughter of Frank Work, and for weeks past his present avowed purpose to contest for a seat in Parliament has been the subject of more or less gossip in the upper circles of New York club life. The cablegrams concerning the alleged candidacy and reported Home Rule nomination of Mr. Burke-Roche are believed to be inspired by that gentleman himself, to a certain extent, and wherever they have been discussed in New York the opinion has prevailed that they at least emanate from a friendly or interested source.

It is well known that James Burke-Roche is deeply in the meshes of embarrassing debt and has neither means to carry on successfully a contest from Killarney or to sustain a place in Parliament, even in the remote contingency of his election.

New York clubmen characterize the reports about Mr. Burke-Roche as revivals of his old and often expressed intention to re-establish himself in a prominent and honorable position, but laugh at any pretension on his part that the substantial aid necessary to support him can be counted on from this side of the Atlantic, and especially so far as Mr. Frank Work, his rich father-in-law, is concerned.

"It is the undisputed opinion among the friends of both Frank Work and his well-known son, George," returned a gentleman of international renown yesterday, "that Burke-Roche's late efforts to restore a lost reputation have no effect on his American connections—in fact, I believe Frank and I know George Work, would resent seriously any attempt on Burke-Roche's part to seek terms of reconciliation from them."

When James Burke-Roche was last in the United States it required all of the good offices of George Work's friends to restrain him from administering severe chastisement for the alleged insult committed by his erring brother-in-law. Frank Work's feelings are known by his best friends to be bitter and deep-rooted, and that they have found expression in his will it is reliably asserted.

Mr. Work had three children—Fanny, who married Burke-Roche and bore three children; Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, who is without issue, and George Work, whose avowed intention to never marry is believed by all who know him. A provision in Mr. Work's will contains an iron-bound clause that if ever his three grandchildren, who must naturally succeed to his wealth, remain three consecutive months in Great Britain they shall not be given a penny of their inheritance. Therefore, in club circles the bold statement of Mr. Burke-Roche in England that he expects to be married is regarded as a declaration of his urgent need of money to pay his debts, and the chances of help from the Works utterly absurd.

SHOT TO SCARE, BUT KILLED.

Italian Method of Ending a Woman's
Quarrel Results Fatally.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 21.—Rosale Virga, an Italian, forty years of age, was shot and killed this morning by Giacomo Constantine in the rear of their homes on Mechanic street. The most reliable version of the shooting is that Mrs. Constantine and Mrs. Guggino, wife of the victim of Capriano, were recently sent to Auburn Prison, had quarrelled frequently over an ash box on their premises, and this morning came to blows in their quarrel. Constantine called to them from a window to stop fighting, and to frighten them, it is said, began firing his revolver. The first shot brought a score of neighbors to the spot, and the fifth shot struck Mrs. Virga in the head, causing death within ten minutes. Constantine asserts that he had no intention of harming any one, and was simply using his revolver to stop the women fighting. He was arrested.

DOG ACTS AS MOTHER TO BABY LEOPARDS.

Offspring of Flora and Gay-
lord, of Donald Burns's
Collection.

The Mother Indifferent to the
Little Things and They
Are Famed Out.

Lady Clyde, an Aristocratic St. Ber-
nard, of the Rivermount Ken-
nel, Is the Nurse.

SHE IS DECEIVED BY HER KEEPER.

After a Month or So the Youthful Leopards
Will Be Fed on Condensed Milk and
Then Their Career as Public Per-
formers Will Begin.

The jungle folk who live in the bungalow of Donald Burns, on South street, had been expecting it for some time, and the big, white, erected coo-coo who occupies the apartment just opposite Flora and Gaylord seemed most deeply interested.

Flora is a leopard and a bride of about ten weeks old. She and the bridegroom were born in the same Indian jungle. Flora is an actress and has appeared in public with Gaylord and a South American cougar named Prince. She is a beautiful creature, gentle and velvety when pleased, and with all the dainty little airs of a coquette.

The jungle folk are knowing people and as quick to reach conclusions as the inmates of a Harlem flat house. And they whispered among themselves about Flora and Gaylord. They expected it, and it happened exactly at 10:30 on Friday night. Then the white coo-coo opposite ruffled her feathers and whistled and chattered in a very unbecoming and unladylike manner. The carnival-colored macaw who shares her apartment took up the cry, the peacocks squawked, and the monkeys sang Sianloo songs. Harry Kepu, who works in the store near to the cage of Flora and Gaylord.

FIVE LITTLE LEOPARDS.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he looked in; "there's five of them." Then he sent word to Burns, who was at his home. Burns hurried to the shop. "She'll never raise them," said he, as he looked critically into the cage. "We'll have to take them away in the morning."

So it was that at 6 o'clock yesterday morning Kemp reached in and took out five baby leopards. Flora didn't seem to mind. Indeed, she was coldly indifferent.

They were beautiful babies, perfectly marked and weighed about three pounds each. Their eyes were not opened and they were carefully packed in cotton and placed in a long pasteboard box. Kemp took the box, and boarding a Second avenue car rode up to Thirty-fourth street. He took a cross-town car from there to Seventh avenue. D. P. Foster is a dog fancier at No. 460. He was to furnish a foster mother for Flora's unlabeled children.

TAKEN TO A KENNEL.

But the journey of the babies was not yet ended. One of Foster's men took them to Rivermount Kennel, at North Bergen, where they will stay for a month or more. They will have the tender care of Lady Clyde, a St. Bernard, who is both gentle and sympathetic. She is the daughter of Leicester and Princess Jura, and though it is probable that she was acquainted with the story of the babies she would unhesitatingly take them to her breast, still Mr. Foster is taking no chances. He has practiced a deception on her that renders it impossible for her to tell the strangers from her own young. A darkened corner in the barn aids the scheme.

They will leave her in about a month and make their meals of condensed milk. At the age of four